

The Washington Times

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ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner

EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1917.

Death and Birth At Midnight

One Year Dies, Another Is Born; A New, Better Life for Each of Us May Begin.

Those that neglect solemn thinking at the beginning of a year often do unpleasant thinking at the year's end. These are the last hours of the year's last day. It is a time for serious thought, earnest resolutions and wise planning.

No man can tell what may be hidden in the year that is coming and the years to follow.

But every man knows this: He will need all his power, self-control and concentration for the coming problems, whatever they be.

Each is the competitor, for good or for evil, of all the others.

We are so much alike that **ONLY EXTRA EFFORT** counts.

Take away from the great, successful man some little quality which **ANY** man might cultivate—and your great and successful man disappears.

Self-control, concentration on life's problems and duties, the use of **ALL YOUR ENERGY WHERE THE ENERGY IS NEEDED**—such is the problem for today.

Many in their youth sneer at good resolutions. When they are old, others sneer at them.

Fortunate is he, old or young, able in these last hours of an unhappy year to realize his own shortcomings and find power through good resolution to fight them in the year soon to be born.

To those that read this newspaper, a happier year in 1918, better work, greater usefulness.

The world needs its good men and women, and the best that they can do.

Congratulations to Edward McLean

He Gives Free Coal to the Poor. Better Than Winning Races.

When the end of litigation gave to Edward McLean full control of the great fortune left by his father—and, what is more important, control of the Washington Post, a really national newspaper—The **TIMES** predicted that McLean would use his power and his money well.

It is a pleasure to congratulate the Post and its owner upon today's announcement of free distribution of coal to the very poor in Washington.

Just where McLean dug up the coal we don't know and can't guess. Anyhow, he has it. It is not for sale, but to be given away free to those that suffer and lack money to buy coal.

If you are poor, telephone Main 4205 or Main 7500, tell Mr. John M. Biddle, or whoever answers the telephone, that you would like a bushel of Mr. McLean's coal. You need not send for it, McLean delivers it, with his compliments and best wishes for the New Year.

We were an old editor already, when we first watched McLean, a toddling child, playing around in guileless glee.

We have watched his development, always remembering the wise saying (excuse the forbidden language) "Kein Berg ohne Thal," or as Ryley Grannon would put it more elegantly, "Je hoher der Berg, desto tiefer das Thal."

When the food problem loomed up McLean sold the race horses that used to amuse his infancy, keeping only horses that could be used for plowing, harrowing, raising food—leaving to others to waste oats on racing machines.

The money that might have bought hay for race horses now buys coal for the poor—a considerable improvement.

Free coal is a good temporary remedy, a wise charity. Having arranged that charity we suggest to McLean that he concentrate his mind and his newspaper on **PREVENTION**.

Let him, regardless of selfish, harmful monopolies, street car companies, and others, do what he can to harness up the Potomac waters, using the now wasted force for heat, light, power.

We suppose that McLean is worth about forty millions of dollars. If he gave the whole amount to the poor in free coal he wouldn't do as much good as he would do if he helped to harness the Potomac, using the stream that now wastes every year a fortune greater than McLean's.

Mr. Hoover, This Editorial Is For You

What Do You Think About Feeding Children on Corn Meal, and Race Horse Gambling Machines on the Best Grade of Oats?

The question asked of Mr. Hoover will be asked in various newspapers in American cities throughout the country. Why are Americans advised to save food in their families, and public gamblers on race tracks allowed to waste the best hay and oats on race horses and gambling that produce thieves and blackguards?

Do you believe that it sets a good example to have a thousand race horses down in New Orleans eating twelve thousand quarts of the best oats every day, using twenty thousand pounds of hay, to say nothing of special cars for transportation, **WHILE ECONOMY IS PREACHED TO WOMEN BRINGING UP CHILDREN AND MOTHERS**

(Continued in Last Column.)

Ready To Go Over The Top



Crusaders of Liberty

By Raemaekers



Let Us Hope That What the English Did At Jerusalem the Americans Will Help Do At Berlin.

Again the Jitney

With a Little Coddling and Nourishing and Good Treatment These First Aids to Crowded Traffic May Flourish Like the Green Bay Tree.

By EARL GODWIN.

Jitneys are a fly-by-night proposition, but a very present help in time of trouble. They are usually operated by men irresponsible financially, and the rider in the jitney has little or no redress against a broken leg or a smashed stove-pipe hat.

At the same time a jitney which will get you to your office or to your home when the street cars are grossly overcrowded is a friend in need.

That is why the Public Utilities Commission is now considering the plaint of jitney drivers and irate citizens who cannot stand the outrageous car service perpetrated on this city. The commission will undoubtedly grant permission to jitney drivers to undertake to cover certain new routes where the car lines have fallen down on the job.

Street car companies in the past have objected to jitney routes paralleling their tracks because the jitney men are not subjected to the same rigid restraints imposed on the car lines. True enough, and there is considerable justice in the street car companies' attitude. But as I have frequently pointed out, here is a war time condition where everyone ought to jump in and help and the street car managers will contribute a patriotic service by refraining from blocking the jitney service until a time when Washington traffic conditions are normal.

When this much-to-be-desired time arrives, the jitney will not be so great a necessity, for the street cars will be running smoothly, there will be universal transfers, and everyone will have seven square feet of standing room, conductors will be manicured, perfumed, and schooled in Chesterfieldian manners, and motormen will not throw the clutch into high gear the start at the great risk of lives and limbs.

But until then, let us treat the jitney and the jitney driver as the only reliable people who welcome any sort of makeshift to get downtown promptly to attend to the nation's business in war time.

HEARD AND SEEN

I see that MEYER DAVIS spent a week in Philadelphia recently.

JERRY EGAN's father has returned from Denmark, where he has gained fame as United States minister.

Congratulations to L. WHITING ESTES, renamed Potentate of Almas Temple.

Also to ODELL S. SMITH, reappointed chairman of the Board of Trade committee on public order.

Ever been to Relay, Md.? Hard to find, on the map or time table, but historically this tiny little neighbor of ours (just outside the city) is important. Within the town is a monument on which is inscribed the names of the original promoters of the B. and O. R. R. The name of the town itself comes from a traffic situation, the old inn there having once been the "relay" point for stage coaches. Horses were changed in the inn yard. The first stone arch bridge in North America was built at Relay. It's there yet, unchanged since 1831 when it was finished. It was designed to carry the original eight-ton locomotives. Without a single reinforcement it is now shouldering daily the 200-ton engines which thunder over it.

Relay is also the birthplace of the telegraph pole and the glass telegraph insulator. The first telegraph line in the world ran from here to Baltimore and was laid in wooden underground conduits until it reached Relay. The conduits met a stream and at that point the wires were hoisted in the air. The engineers decided poles would be cheaper than conduits, and the glass insulator was born of necessity.

"A Citizen" makes this point: "I note you are objecting to the center-entrance cars of the Washington Railway and Electric Company. I think everyone here in Washington agrees with you, but I would call your attention to the fact that they possess one good point—a low step. I have a wrenched hip and can only board the low-step cars, and as it is necessary that I use the line, in behalf of others like myself I would request that you endeavor to obtain a lower step on the other class of cars if the center-entrance type are taken off."

RENT PIRATE.

During the present week I had occasion to ask my landlord (owner) to please replace an old "Franklin" heater, which uses up at least three times as much coal as a latrobe, with a latrobe. The heater does not give any satisfaction at all, and received this reply: "If you will guarantee five (\$5.00) dollars more a month rent, otherwise you can't have it." It seems that you must have known of this by your appropriate note.

A DAILY READER.

Mr. Hoover, This Editorial Is For You

(Continued from First Column.)

ARE TOLD TO GIVE THEIR CHILDREN CORN MEAL, THAT WE MAY SEND WHEAT TO EUROPE?

It may be that Mr. Hoover has not the power to forbid the waste of food in maintaining the nation's gambling institutions.

But he has the power to **SAY SOMETHING**.

Many women have been ruined by the race tracks, many children have been made poor by gambling fathers, much crime originates at the race track.

Is it the intention of the Government, of Mr. Hoover's food administration, to permit the waste of grain and hay in order that certain very prosperous gentlemen may not be deprived of their little gambling pleasures?

Those in charge of railroads ask the people to be patient, when they can't find room to travel, ask merchants to forgive the fact that they can't get goods delivered.

Will those in charge of railroads continue providing special padded cars and special facilities for rapid transportation of race horses and gambling thieves from one city in this country to another?

Now that Mr. McAdoo controls, we believe the business of special cars for race horses will end.

We point out to Mr. Hoover and to others that it is extremely unwise, when you are trying for results, to give to the body of the people, **GOOD CAUSE FOR DISSATISFACTION**.

When you permit good food to be wasted on gambling institutions, trains of cars to be wasted carrying the implements of gambling, and at the same time preach economy to mothers and business men, you are giving **GOOD CAUSE FOR DISSATISFACTION**, a dangerous and foolish thing to do.

When will Mr. Hoover find time to tell us what he thinks about wasting at race tracks every day food enough for ten thousand children?